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Roxxie

GIRLJOCK magazine has been made possible through the help of the OUT/LOOK foundation.

We Are a container for cartoons, satire, and humor. **GIRLJOCK** addresses the lifestyle questions of sporting lesbians and their admirers. Since so many lesbians either play sports or have a friend who does, we feel there is a wide range of subject matter for us to **"tackle."** Please send us your cartoons and creative story creations. We welcome submissions from women and men.

Girljock's endless summer issue 1992 is dedicated to the endless memory of Tom Shearer. Who was he? A funny guy, with lots of tattoos and bones and things. He was Big Mommy editor of Diseased Pariah News, but, like many HIV-guys and HIV-gals, he got too sick to stick around.

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Letters to the Editor

Dear Rox-a-tronic,

Fine new issue—and good to see a girl-sloth piece. Being the voyeur that I have become, I believe in spectator sports and the joys of television. I must admit that I watch the *Love Connection* more than I ever do basketball—partly because I know I can't play basketball, but even at 47, there is this ridiculous residual thang that makes me think—for seconds—that I could date again if I had to ... *Love Connection* brings me back to sanity—shows me that I can barely communicate with eighties types.

I still, even at my advanced age, cannot figure out how butch/femme continues ... surely there must be a trichotomy somewhere—but our sexual choices are so confined—at least in the number of genders and possibilities. Ah, to invent a new gender, a new perversion—something new under the sun ... or moon.

R. Freeman

Dear Roxxie,

Alright, you sent me over tonight! Willingly opening the "Freezin' season" issue at midnight, I thought I'd enjoy a few chuckles (guaranteed simply by the cover shot of GJ) and a diversion from studying. How was I to know that unfolding these pages risked the rest of my evening? But sure enough, your "Notes on Becoming a Submissive" snagged me, and there went the night—shot to hilarious hell! Thank you.

I love the humor, the zany articles, and the tap into the heartbeat of lesbians in the '90s—or at least into this lesbian, even with my small cow-town mentality. Incidentally, I find the "Thirty, the Age I Tried to Avoid" strip classic, Roxxie.

So it's 3:15 and I can't sleep, now. My electric heater purrs while I listen to Bongwater's "Power of Pussy" and think of you.

C. Breedlove

Dearest G.J. or Rox-a-Tronic or All,

I've read/bought every issue of your zine. Great stuff. I had fun watching several women walk around reading to themselves and laughing out-loud as they walked with it to the cash register. Nothing like an unrestrained guffaw from the gut of a girljock!

Sorry for the messy free hand script and corrections—I was "just tryin' a new trick" in the house and knocked-out the computer with the soccer ball, ooopps!

K.T. Schumacher

Dear Roxxie,

GirlJock proves that humour pretty much goes across all boundaries. Perhaps you ought to push that angle more often—replace "political consciousness" with "sense of humour" and it might be more accurate!

Particularly enjoyed "You didn't really say that" (cringe, laugh, cringe, laugh). Susie Bright's comments on Chris Evert came close to provoking a disaster as the mouthful of coffee I was swallowing at the time got sprayed over a wide area. Look forward to the next issue of GJ.

Jim McLennan
publisher of British zine "Trash City"

Dear Roxxie & cohorts,

I recently received my copy of GJ#5 and was verily entertained and amuzed reading it! Ah yes indeed, it's refreshing to read all about the lust desires of so many delectable, juicy, hot, horny, athletic types of women in such a relaxed friendly setting for a change.

However, it also inflicts some bit of sexual frustration on me as I am neither a lesbian or a woman (sniff). Good humored always make good friends in any case ... Keep On Doin.

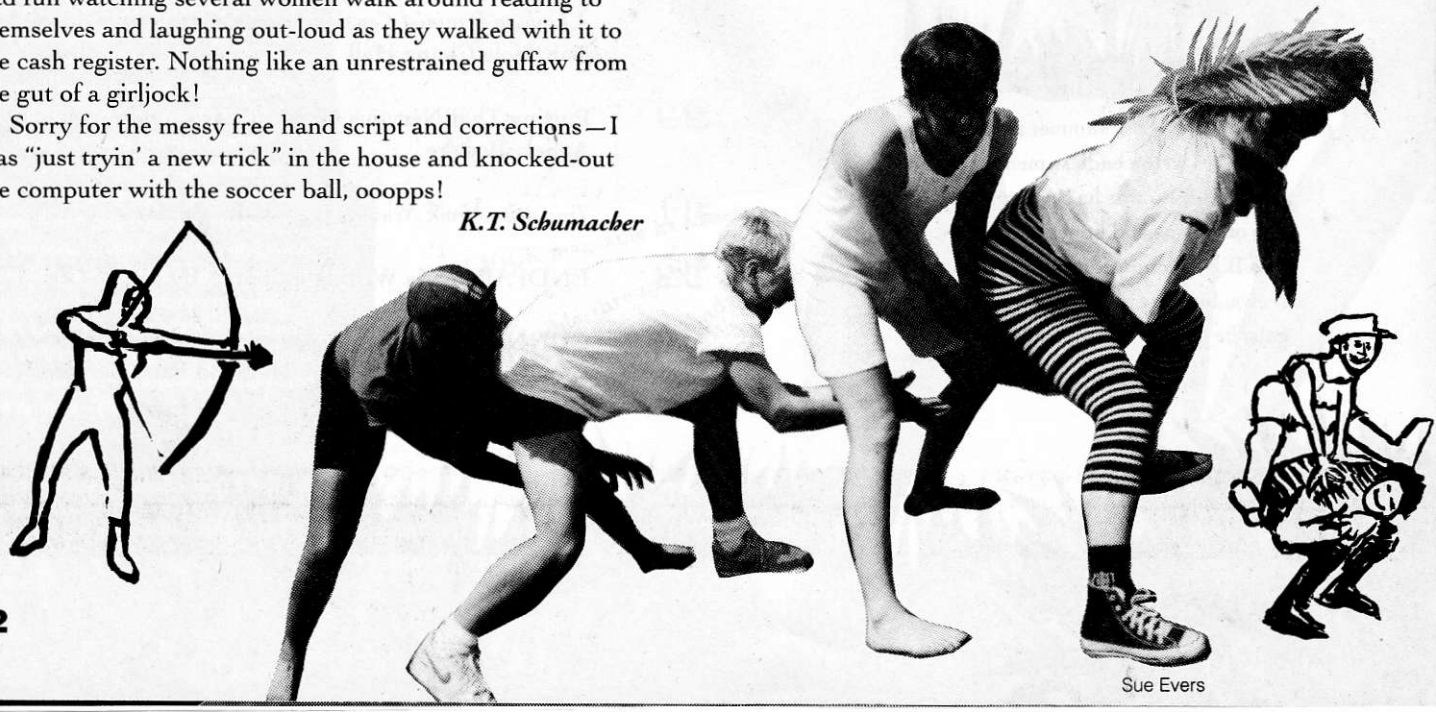
John

Hey Rox,

Just a short note to let you know how good it was to see you and sit on the zine panel together(*ed. note—we sweated in a very warm room at OUT/WRITE 92*). As you were doing your shpiel I was thinking how truly amazing it is what you've done with *GirlJock* in such a short time! Keep on doing it—you're inspiration to us all. You're incredible and we are happy to know you.

Lots of love and peace,

Stacy and Diane
Hothead Paisan
GIANT ASS PUBLISHING



Sue Evers

Dear Femme Jock

starring our very own answerwoman, Femme Jock.

photos by Roxxie

Dear FJ,
I'm terribly concerned about what swimsuits will be "in" this summer. I am a recreational swimmer whose suit ripped the last time I went lap swimming at my local pool. I want to transcend trendy with my new suit. What should I do? Where should I go?

Yours,
Swimmer With A Ripped Suit.

Dear SWARS,

Go no further.

You've come to the right place. The right time. The right column. *Sports Illustrated* has one. *Ebony Man* has one. Of course *GirlJock* has one and of course Femme Jock supplies the commentary and other accessories.

FJ thinks you've probably already transcend trendy by, in fact, thinking about *buying* a new suit and not simply fastening it with safety pins.

FJ welcomes this opportunity to ponder trends in nightclubs and crossovers to swimclubs.

Yes, FJ believes that having a ripped suit would rank you right up there with the trendsetters - though I hope the suit is black, ripped strategically and preferably with a switchblade or other breath-catching-adrenalin producing knife.

No? A striped speedo that ripped because the only knives you've done lately are jack knives? And because you've had your suit since eighth grade and it's worn out because you've scraped it on the cement hauling your ass out of the pool for the last twenty odd, so to speak, years?

Never fear, Femme Jock is here. Go ahead, create your own trend. After all, I do. So can you.

FJ's trend consists of mom's old from the '30s or was it '40s. Absolutely useless in any aquatic environment, it's handy for prancing around in on Easter Sunday in front of churches. The suit is in stripes with a cover up in dots. The trunks double as bloomers. The top is nowhere near form fitting and is guaranteed to come off or on at the first dive, which ever comes first. Don't forget the high tops, kitchen implements and leather jacket, along with high fashion accessories from your local thrift such as rhinestone studded sunglasses and bathing caps with fake leaves. After all, being an urban femme jock, the only water I may be near is the garden hose, but I enjoy inspiring loss of control of bodily functions and other water sports by my hilarious attire.

According to me, dear SWARS, this is what's in. And since FJ believes everyone should bow down, appreciate and want to emulate her while simultaneously shunning any who are so loathsome as to destroy her unique and creative image, you now have something far more important to worry about. How to get out of this double bind.

P.S. Don't whine.

You can write Femme Jock c/o GirlJock Magazine, P.O. Box 2533, Berkeley, CA 94702. She wants to address your lifestyle issues, and fashion dilemmas, and conditions. She likes pictures, too.

Summer

Time for a Beach Date!

By Stacey Wyckoff

Don't wear camouflage or day-glow. I hate them.

Don't bring tuna fish with mayo, it's not the scent you're striving for.

Do bring flowers when you pick her up. What a touch of class! Grace! Elegance! Of course, you'll have to bring a cooler just for the flowers, but she'll appreciate it.

Do bring a blanket or a beach towel—not a bathroom towel. Avoid sand-in-the-butt, and make your date comfortable. **Don't pick at** little grains where the sun don't shine.

Do bring chocolate and forget to keep it in the cooler. You may have to lick it off one another's fingers.

Don't wear too much make-up to the beach, but do wear a slight amount of red lipstick. You may need to leave your mark on a cheek, neck, shoulder, arm, or left thigh.

Do rub lotion, or sunblock all over your date's body. Maybe you should ask first.

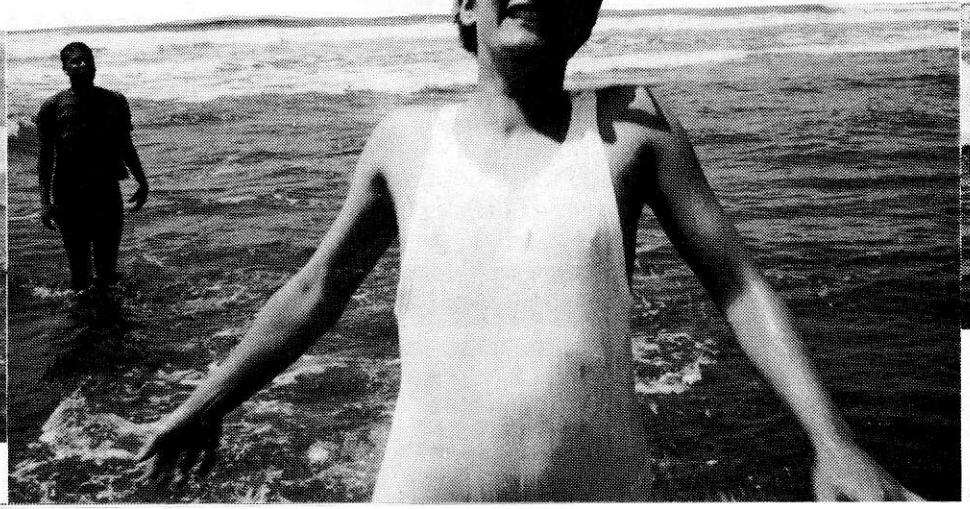
Don't drink too much alcohol. Sun equals thirst, but be careful, it sends the alcohol straight to your head. Flirting techniques severely sag after a few too many.

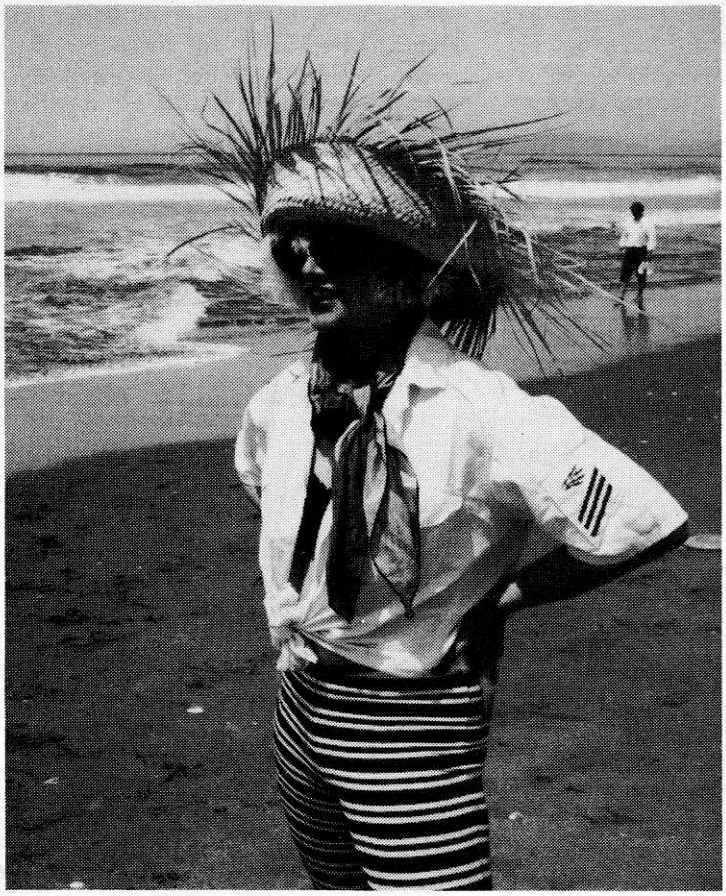
Do bring fun toys in case you can't think of anything to talk about. If you play catch and miss just smile and laugh. If you are really nervous, call several friends from a public phone and have them rush down to join you.

Don't wear mirrored sunglasses at the beach! You want her to look deep into your eyes, not spend the entire afternoon looking at herself!

Don't grope in public! Hand holding is very romantic.

Do wear lots and lots of sunblock or you will have crispy burnt nipples.





Sue Evers

The author received her bachelor's degree in beachology. She wore a sun hat to graduation.

Sue Evers

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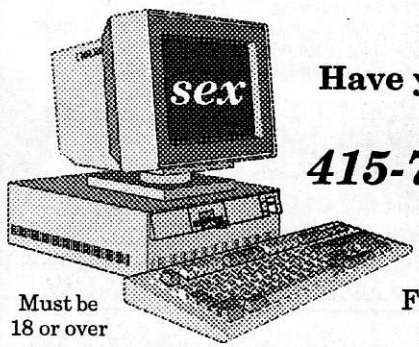

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Rubyfruit Jungle Gone Gender fuck

by Devra Beth Polack

Do you wear combat boots and lip-stick? Does your lace lingerie and pit hair peek out from those overalls? Do you interrupt the flow of your heated, self-righteous feminist diatribe to flip your hair back for emphasis? Are you hopelessly confused with conflicting roles and rules?

What we need is a guide specially geared for today's role-switching, self-reliant, feminist femmes-at-heart. Now don't get me wrong. This is not to say that butch women will soon be antiquated, passe, useless like so many lovers thrown by the wayside after the discovery of the vibrator. Truly butch women will always make the rest of us drool. But you have to realize there is a whole generation of women, and others on their way, who were brought up by women in Birkenstocks.

As kids, we read "Cinderella" at bedtime and "Our Bodies Ourselves" for gore. We learned how to insert tampons before kindergarten and diaphragms by the sixth grade. House music meant what-ever mom was playing in the back-ground—like Aretha Franklin, or the Pointer sisters when there were still four of them. We would grow up to be "Strong (strong!)... Invincible (invincible!)." We expected to become self reliant women. We thought we had little use for a protective and chivalrous guardian. We would open our own goddamn doors, thank you.

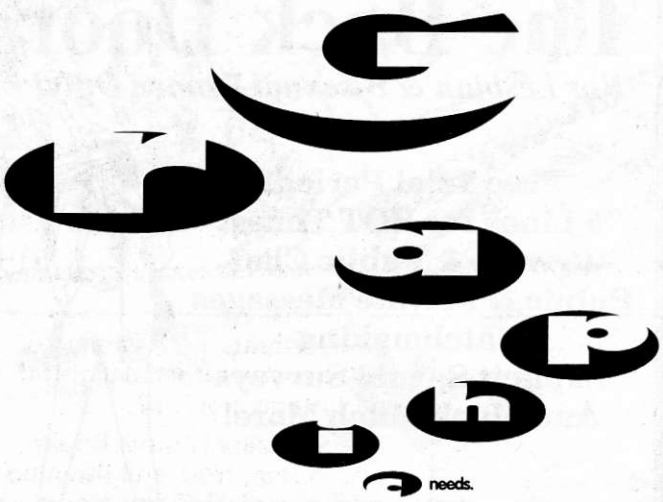
But the problem is, by the time some of us were let out of our dome homes, there was already some cute tomboy waiting to fix our tricycles and Tonka trucks for us. We knew it was the easy way out. Some of us were even tomboys ourselves, but played stupid.

You know who you are(?)

As a prototype, we tend to attract a mixed crowd. Many of us are the ones assumed to be bisexual. Some of us are. When men act possessive or protective, it disgusts us. But bring us a chivalrous dyke. Make us swoon!

You may not be able to visually identify us as a group. We are not all glam-girls. We are wandering in the midst of a Rubyfruit Jungle-gone-genderfuck, and we're a little confused. What we, as a group, all have in common is guilt for not being butch enough.

Meeting your



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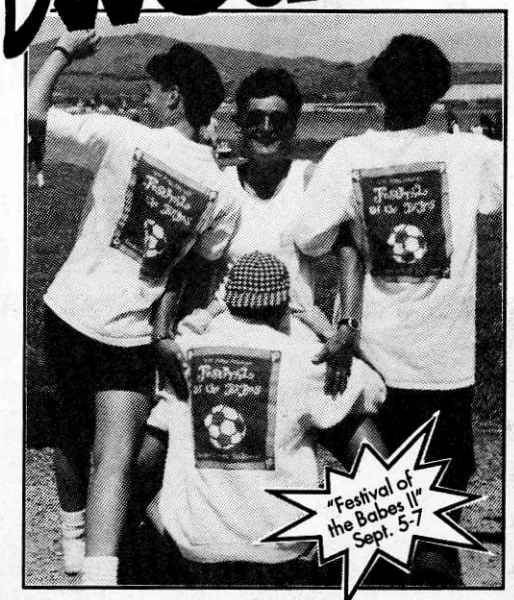

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Despite stylistic similarities, please do not confuse us with our more butch counterparts, the Sensitive New Age Butch (SNAB). Whereas we, the aforementioned, are a bunch of butch wanna-be's, she is butch at heart, but a little shaky about her status. SNABs also consider themselves feminists, and for this reason, don't submit to old-fashioned butch notions of chivalry. SNABs will not impale a woman on a pedestal. Today's SNAB is assertive, in touch with her feelings, and tends to whine a lot. Despite her motto, "Attitude is our heritage," she, like her flailing closet-femme counterparts, struggles to break away from stereotypical behavior patterns. She's learning to cook. She wears pins that say "warm fuzzy dyke," and has been seen wearing lipstick.

If you think of it like the seating arrangement at a formal dinner, with the bull-dykes and the femmes heading the table at opposite ends, we and the Sensitive New Age Butches are the ones glaring uncomfortably at each other across the middle, wondering if we shouldn't be getting up to help with the dishes.

What would we, the hordes of women wishing we were more self-reliant, really do with a big, solid, strapping book with clean lines and sharp edges—HOW TO BE YOUR OWN BUTCH etched across the cover in black sans-serif letters? Perhaps it is unrealistic to think that someone could solve this collective identity crisis with a how to guide. Sensitive New Age Butches have had some success—HOW TO HEAL YOUR INNER FEMME was a tremendous hit, and submitting to an outside source to tell them what to do was a step in the right direction. ■

Devra Beth Polack, an SF/Bay area writer, opens her own doors and wears lipstick. She grew up to Helen Reddy.

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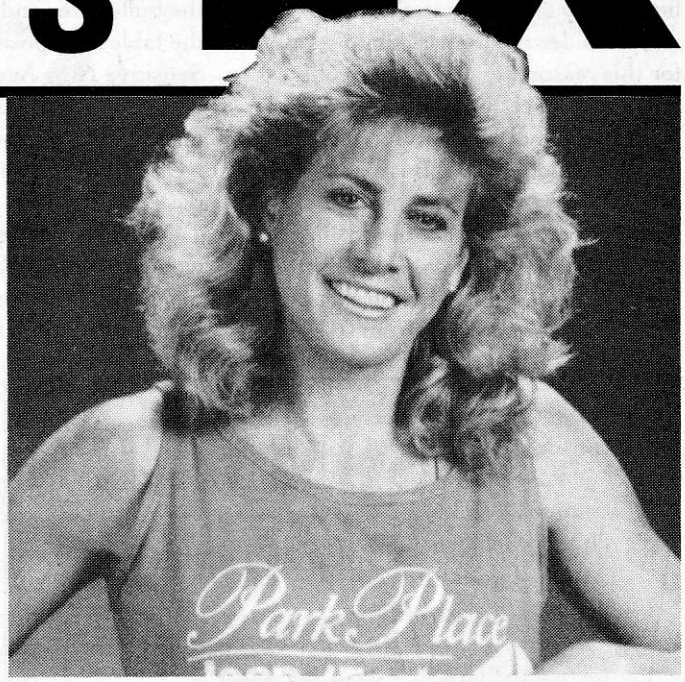
Martina's EX

by Roxxie

If you remember her as Nancy Lieberman, Jewish lesbian basketball star who lived with Martina Navratilova, consider new facts: she's a Christian, and she's now straight.



I wanna play for the Dallas Diamonds
And live with Martina like Nancy Lieberman
Strong strong like an Amazon
I wanna be strong strong like an Amazon
—"Amazons," Phranc

"I worked my whole career to be a world class athlete," said basketball star Nancy Lieberman-Cline, "and people would say , 'Oh, you're Nancy Lieberman, you're Martina's coach.'" Lieberman-Cline learned tennis as an adult—she couldn't have coached Navratilova (although she did train her to better athletic condition). Was this the sports world's version of, "Are you two ... together?"

Nancy Lieberman-Cline is more than the "I'm 5'10", 147 lbs., not too big—just mean" redhead, *Sports Illustrated* called one of Navratilova's greatest supporters. Her mystique in popular culture is also a result of her legendary devotion and talent in women's basketball.

In the introduction to Lieberman-Cline's 1992 autobiography *Lady Magic,* Navratilova calls her the "Billie Jean King of women's basketball." If Lieberman-Cline and other women's basketball pioneers have not achieved the status of tennis superstars, it's because attempts to establish U.S. women's pro basketball leagues have failed twice, forcing women to play abroad, or take up coaching or broadcasting. And very few have had the talent or discipline to take the route Lieberman-Cline did—play in a men's professional league.

She grew up playing after school with boys, and played on organized boy's teams—which at the time was considered quite odd. "You play like a boy." she was often taunted when she played well, and her mother told her sports weren't "ladylike." Nevertheless, she rode the subway from her home in Far Rockaway, NY, to Harlem—where she played with the best basketball players she could find. There she played alongside men with names like, "The Terminator." The guys accepted her because of the intensity of her basketball, and eventually she was nicknamed "Fire."

After a stellar college basketball career at Old Dominion University, Lieberman-Cline was drafted into the women's pro team, the Dallas Diamonds, in 1980. The league folded after a year, was revived in 1984, only to fold again. Lieberman-Cline continued though—playing men's professional basketball.

Always known as a great woman player, she gained "newfound respect" and surprised many of the male professionals. "Not only was I good 'for a woman,' but I could compete mentally and physically against guys. It changed how everybody looked at me," she said in a recent *GirlJock* interview. She played for the Springfield Fame (of the United States Basketball League—basketball's "minor league"). When she joined the team, it caused such a stir she gave over 600 media interviews in two months. She's also toured with the Generals, who play opposite the crowd-dazzling Harlem Globetrotters.

Fans looking to her for continued athletic inspiration will be blown away. In 1991 she was the oldest woman playing on the U.S. National Basketball team, and at 33, she's hoping for another shot at the Olympics. To date, she maintains a rigorous training schedule and nutrition program. "I have always had a tendency to overtrain, to break my body down too much," she explained, "and so now I just have a better understanding — I know when my body says, 'Hey, you need a day off,' because then I can give a better quality practice or performance the next day or the next couple days." She considers herself fortunate to be competitive in her thirties.

Competitiveness has been Lieberman-Cline's trademark throughout the years. As a child, athletic successes gave her self esteem and confidence. "A lot of people play not to lose," she explained, "If you play to win, you will."

If you remember Lieberman-Cline from her years with Navratilova, as Nancy Lieberman, the talented and lucky Jewish lesbian athlete, consider new facts presented in *Lady Magic*. She's a Christian and she's now straight. Although born

Jewish, she quietly converted in 1976. Selected as Jewish Athlete of the Year, 1979, rumors of her Christian conversion hit the press in 1980. She received hate mail.

And she's straight? Ironically, that's also what Navratilova told the press in 1981, just before they spent the next three years as the most prominent female athletic couple of the eighties. She split with Navratilova in 1984, and met her husband Tim Cline (also a basketball pro) in 1988. The switch from a woman lover to a man wasn't too weird, she said, because "there were four years in between the relationships." For her, it is the person, not their gender, that makes a relationship. "Martina attracted me as a person, Tim attracted me as a person," she explained.

"This guy is 6'8", as nice a guy and as sensitive a guy as you'd want, but strong for me and my career and being what I want to be—he's so supportive. If you're gonna be with a guy, this is the type of guy you'd want. In most cases, and I've explained this to Tim, women are with women because of the sensitivity and the caring ... you feel so comfortable. With him, he is just so warm and caring...."

Despite initial break-up tensions, Navratilova and Lieberman-Cline are still close. Navratilova publicly credited Lieberman-Cline for making her into a more successful athlete. And Lieberman-Cline now describes her relationship with Navratilova as "very positive athletically ... and for us as people—eleven years later we're still good friends. I don't think I would be who I am today without that relationship."

"As I said in the book, Martina and Tim love each other—they're such good friends. She'll call here to the house—'Let me talk to Tim.' What about me? So it's nice the way it's worked out. She's so funny, she's like, "If you ever leave him I'm gonna have him." Oh yeah, great. So we laugh about that." ■

Dirt- from *Lady Magic*

Rita Mae **persisted**. "What is your relationship with Nancy? What were you talking about with her? **Why** did you leave the house to call?"

Martina told her that we were friends and what she did was her own **business**. Trying to ***avoid*** a **CONFRONTATION**, Martina walked out of the kitchen. As she did, Rita Mae **grabbed** her by the shirt and said, "We're going to talk about it *right now*." They went upstairs. Rita Mae went into the bathroom and got a **gun** off of the window sill and ***confronted*** Martina. "**YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE.** We're going to talk about you and Nancy right now."

Martina ***pushed*** Rita Mae out of her way and *took off running*. On a nine-acre estate with 20 rooms, there a re plenty of places to go and hide. Martina got a **big enough lead** on Rita Mae to ***jump*** in the BMW 733i parked in her circular driveway. She always *left the keys* **in the car, but when she tried to get it in gear and gas it, it died.** At this point, Rita Mae caught up with her an *pulled* open the back door just as Martina finally got the car in gear. **THE GUN WENT OFF**

As Martina was driving away, as Rita Mae followed her out the driveway. ***The bullet went through the passenger's side head rest*** *where the inspection sticker normally is placed.* The wind-shield *shattered* in *Martina's face,* and the pieces of the glass ***cut her face***.

FROM: LADY MAGIC: The Autobiography of Nancy Lieberman-Cline, Sagamore Publishing, Champaign, 1992, p. 121.

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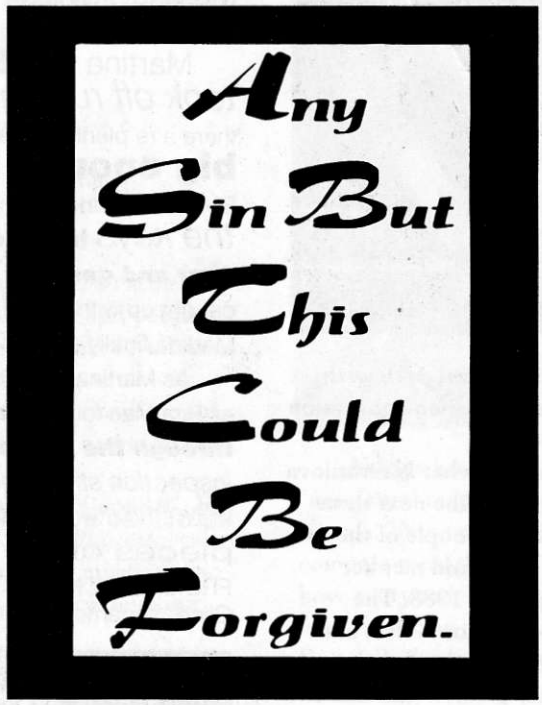

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from the Sidelines

by Robbi Sommers

Sports enthusiast? Me? Well...I suppose so. No, I don't play soccer. Baseball, volleyball, basketball? No. So what do I play? I play rough. I play hardball. I play with the best. Sports erotics, that's my game.

Oh yeah, act like you don't know what I'm talking about. Act like you go to those games to watch a ball be smacked by a stick or tossed over a net. Nothing like that kind of excitement? Yeah, right.

I tell the truth about athletic events. A sport is a sport, wherever it's played. Doesn't make much difference to me. Whether on a field or in a gym— tie a bandana around a woman's head, show off her thighs in a pair of shorts, tease me with her biceps in a short-sleeved shirt and that's what I call a good game.

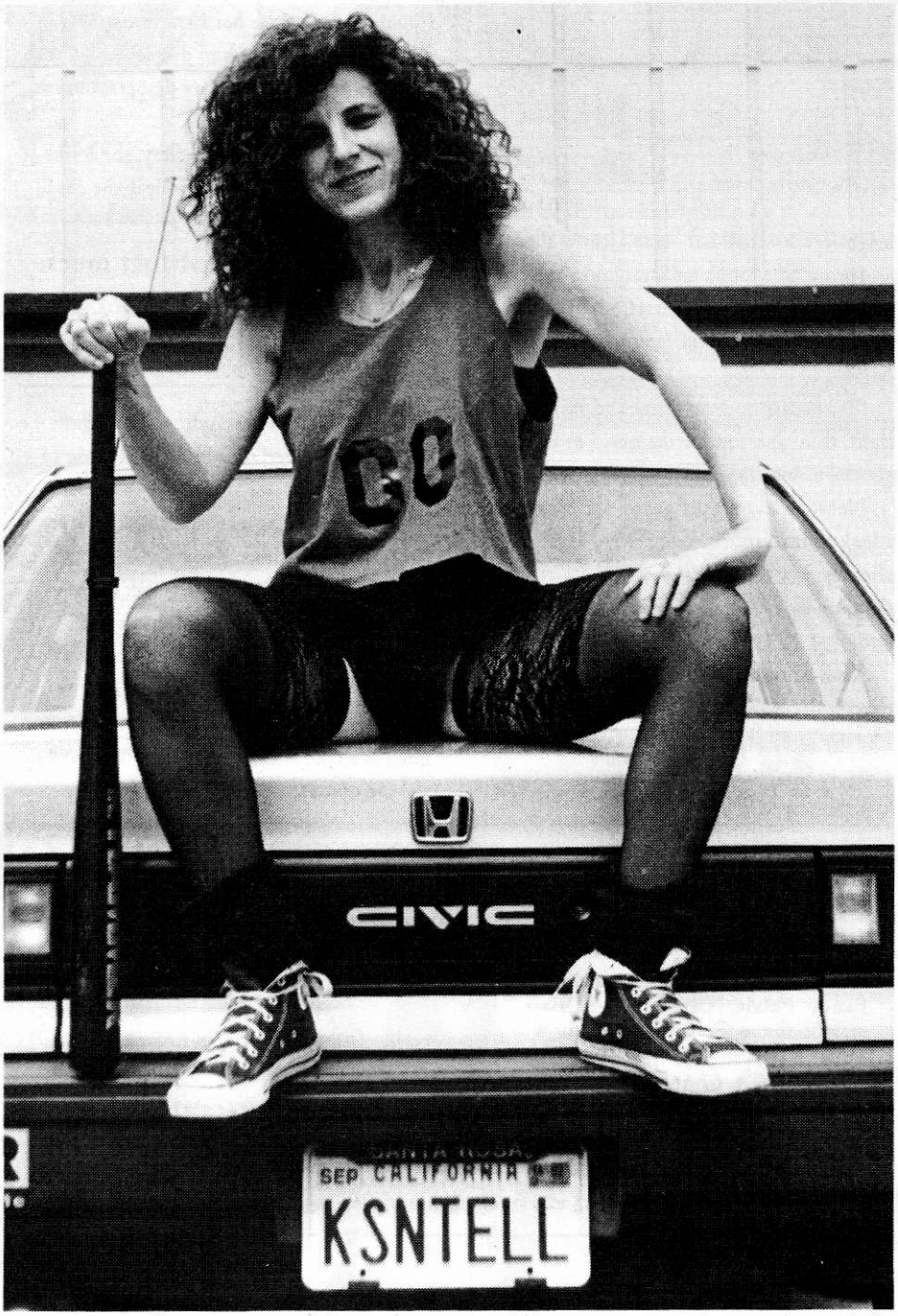
Take baseball. Tough faced, with a jock swagger that could knock me from the

High heels, garter belt, a bright red baseball hat - sure I know about uniforms.

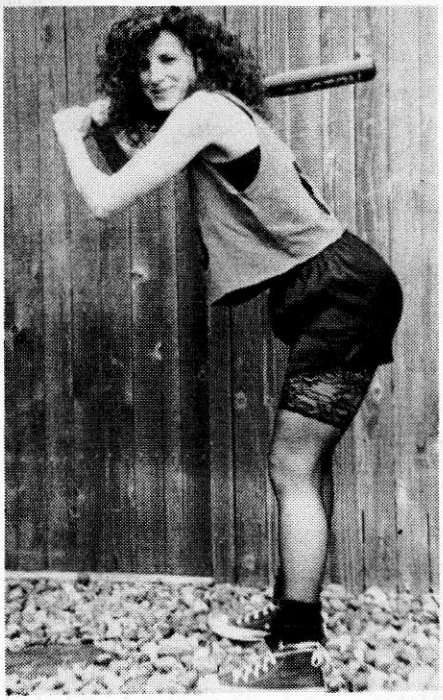
bleachers, the batter approaches the plate. Shoulders back, attitude seeping like thick honey, the woman means business. Damn. If she's got that much intensity on the field, imagine what she'd be like in bed.

I watch her tap the bat against her cleats. Her weight shifts from foot to foot and her hips rock slightly. Nice ass, great ass, she bends slightly and does a warm-up swing. She's serious, all right. It's written all over her face. I like a woman with a one-track mind; a woman who can focus on the subject at hand.

I visualize myself across from her with a pitcher's mitt. High heels, garter belt, a



Suzann C. Kuhr



Suzann C. Kuhr

bright red baseball hat - sure I know about uniforms. She looks me straight in the eye with fierce, butch concentration. I toss her a pouty little smile. *You ready for a curve ball?*

Her eyes drop from mine and skim my tight, thin tank top. Strike one. I'm looking good, I'm looking fine.

Nervous, caught off guard, she shoots me a lucky-break smirk. I spread my legs slightly. My high heels pierce the dirt, the tank top rides high on my midriff. Strike two.

Yeah baby, oh baby, I'm hot now. A harsh edge replaces the batter's smirk. She doesn't like my sassy attitude? I don't care. Let her come to the pitcher's mound if she's got a problem with me. Let her come right up and show me what she wants, show me exactly how she'd like me to do it for her.

Last inning, last chance. The score is tied. A tense silence blankets the crowd. Women in the stands, women on the sidelines - they all have their eyes on me. Can I do it again? Can I bring her to her knees?

The sweet scent of desire swirls from the batter and surrounds me in a sudden heat. Unbridled power spills from her strong arms, her thick hands, her muscular thighs. Our eyes lock. She's ready for it. She's hungry for it.

I caress the baseball against my smooth fingers and consider her firm breasts. An immediate compulsion to drop the ball, rush to home plate and press my desperate hands against her overwhelms me.

Breaking rules, playing dirty, she looks at me with fire in her eyes. It's clear she could take me. It's clear she could suck me dry. Dizzy, disoriented, I hold the ball close to my face. I focus, zero in on the imaginary line between us. Sparks dart from her eyes, her mouth, her fingertips.

Damn. If she's got that much intensity on the field, imagine what she'd be like in bed.

She has me. She has me good. I throw the ball. It slices the air and the crowd begins to roar. Let her run. Let her go wherever she wants. I drop the mitt, I head toward first base. If she slides, let her ram into me. I can take it hard. I can take it as hard as she can give it.

The ball soars against the field and she leaps, as though in slow motion, to first base, second, then third. Her thighs are tight with power, her arms grab through the hot, summer air.

C'mon, C'mon, C'mon.

An explosion of pleasure races through me. Her ass is taut. Her eyes, determined. Into home she slides. I want her more than anything. I'd do anything now to have her. I snap from my fantasy and hurry toward the field.

Yes! Yes! Yes! That's it baby. That's it!

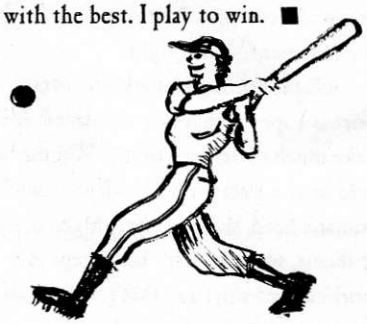
Dust on her shirt, sweat on her face, she sees me, dressed to kill, on the sidelines.

"Need something cool?" I ask sweetly as I offer her a soft drink.

She nods her head and smiles.

Home run, for both of us.

And therein lies the concept of sports erotics. From start to finish, you'll find me at all the games. After all, I play hardball. I play with the best. I play to win. ■



Robbi Sommers, known to play many a field, is the author of the best selling lesbian erotica: PLEASURES, PLAYERS, KISS AND TELL, and the soon to be released UNCERTAIN COMPANIONS –all published by Naiad Press.

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JUNE 28

SUNDAY NIGHT
The Aquarium Dance Room
The Catfish Lounge
The Mermaid Mezzanine
1st/Harrison Streets ATLANTIS

Madonna slides into "A League of Their Own"

by Roxxie

In 1943, the U.S. was at war and President Roosevelt considered cancelling the baseball season. America's favorite pasttime might have distracted the country from the war effort, and besides, able-bodied men had been drafted. But Chicago Cubs owner P.K. Wrigley had an alternate plan: He started the All American Girls Baseball League. For the next eleven years, women played professional ball.

"Normally the only opportunity you had to play with people of high skill levels was to play with men," explains Karen Kunkel, who played All-American baseball in the forties. "It was a tremendous opportunity to do what you loved to do with other women who could do what you do as well or better. It was a marvelous experience."

The women loved playing pro ball, and baseball fans loved the women. Attendence grew to over a million a year. "We out-drew the Dodgers in Cuba during spring training," says Kunkel. Scouts combed the country for sharp women ballplayers. Unfortunately, it was a unique episode in female sports history.

Now Penny Marshall has gone to bat to tell the All-American Girls story in her upcoming comic film, *A League of Their Own*. Kunkel served as technical advisor, and according to her, the film's stars play some pretty good baseball.

The playing cast, which includes Geena Davis, Lori Petty, Madonna, Rosie O'Donnell, and Tom Hanks, trained for nearly six weeks in California with USC's baseball coach. On location in Chicago, they spent

Columbia Pictures

another month developing baseball skills.

"After the very first shoot we still continued (as time was available) to work out on individual skill development," Kunkel says. "Pitching, throwing, catching, infield drills, outfield drills, running, basestealing, leading off—typical baseball team workouts ... We had varying skills in the principal actresses, [but] given the magic of editing they will, in this film, be very good ballplayers."

A League of Their Own, which will be released in July, will tell the story of the "Rockford Peaches," who, like the members of the forties league, wear one-piece uniforms with short skirts designed to be revealing, and bright red lipstick. (Members of the real league had to attend a charm school to learn skills of deportment and bearing. And often their legs were covered with scrapes and bruises from sliding in the short skirts.)

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Madonna has "great potential"

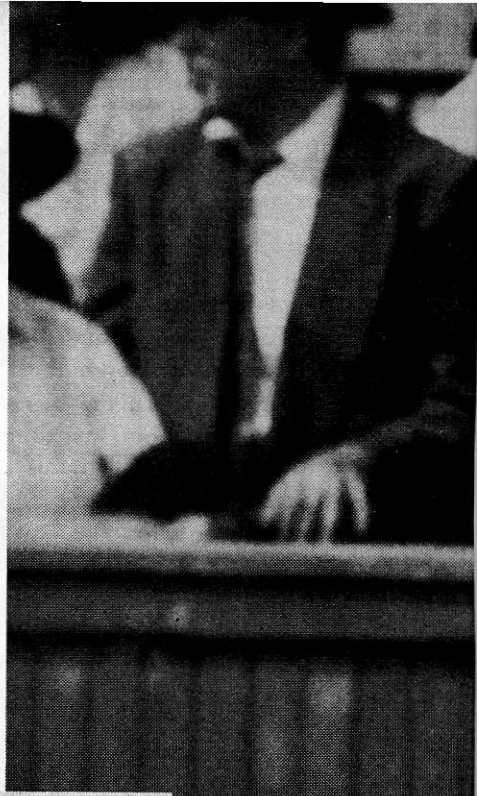
Before Madonna tried out for the role as a "queen of swat" (as sportswriters referred to the women pros in the forties) she visited baseball coach Joe Russo at St. Johns University in Queens to learn baseball basics. Evidently, she didn't even know how to get to first base.

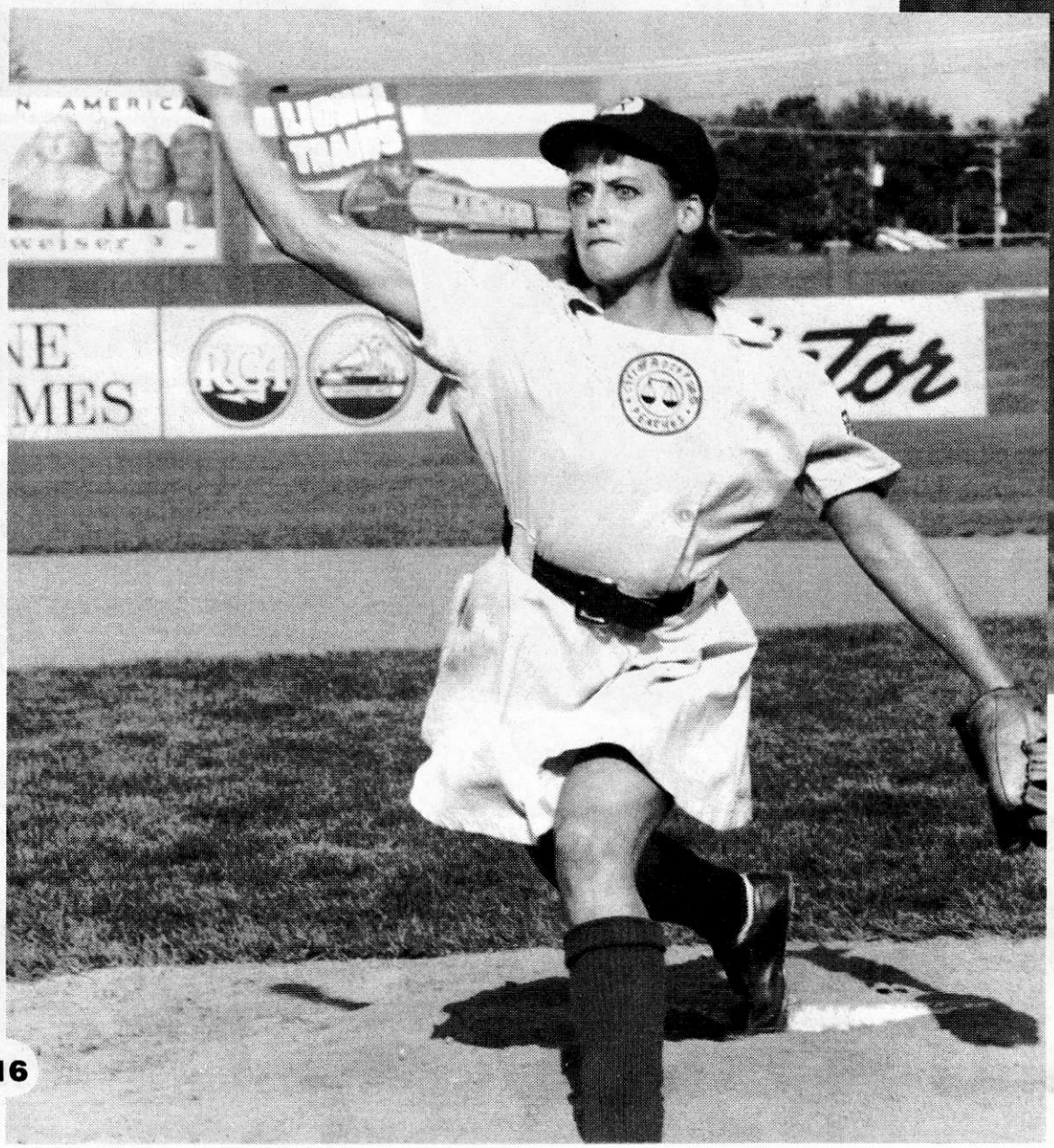
"Take your stance," Russo told *Sports Illustrated* he said to Madonna. "What's a stance?" the Material Girl asked. By the end of the coaching session though, Madonna started hitting the ball. And Russo began thinking she had a chance for a spot in the movie. Russo's *Sports Illustrated* scouting report: "A very strong and compact girl. Great potential."

When she acted in the film, Madonna ran daily at 5:30 a.m. She spent every lunch hour, Kunkel says, in the batting cages. "She had a ball ... a lot of fun," Kunkel added. "Madonna does her own sliding, she's a very gutsy lady."

Rosie O'Donnell —A power hitter

"You take someone like Rosie O'Donnell, who played Jr. Olympic softball as well as college softball," Kunkel says. "Rosie could pound the





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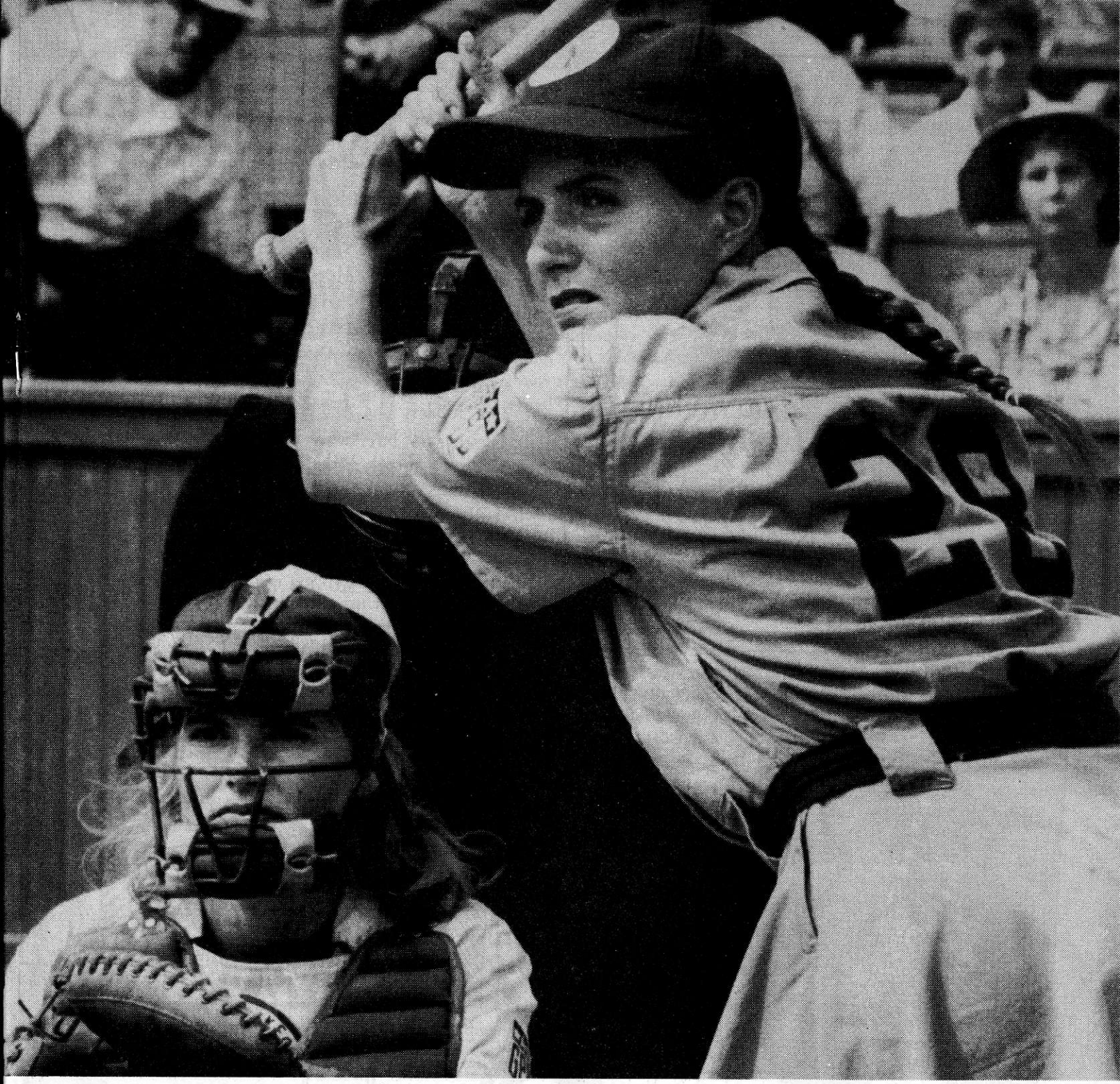


heck out of the ball, so could Lori Petty, so could Madonna.

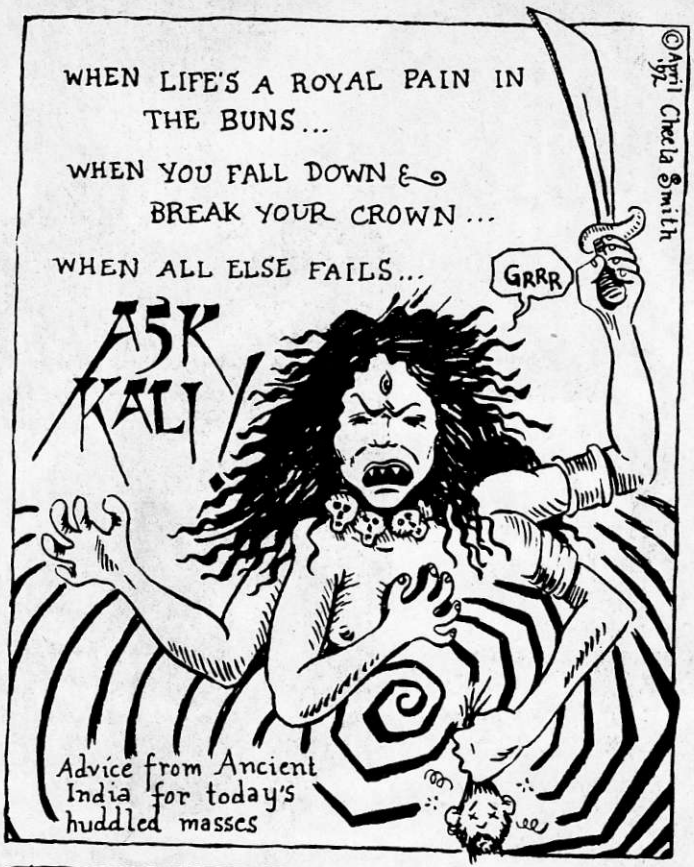
"O'Donnell was a power hitter. Bitty Schram, who plays a bit part in the movie was one of the best hitters, and she was probably one of the smallest people on the set," Kunkel adds. "She had played national level tennis, so she had wrists, she knew how to use them. A lot of them could hit the ball out of the park. The batting skill was very good.

"I'd take them anytime and put them in a softball game in Hollywood and they'd give a team a run for their money."

If the actresses had played her team in their heyday though, "they would have gotten killed ... You're talking about some of the best women athletes of the forties from all over the United States, Canada, and Mexico.

In a lifetime of working in sports, and sports administration (including the Olympics) Kunkel says she's never come across female athletes who rival those that played in the All American Girls Baseball League. The league has a museum in South Bend, IN, and a display in the Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, N.Y.

Let's hope Penny Marshall's girls can measure up. ■


WHEN LIFE'S A ROYAL PAIN IN THE BUNS...
WHEN YOU FALL DOWN & BREAK YOUR CROWN...
WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS...
GRRR
ASK KALI
©April 1992 Checla Smith
Advice from Ancient India for today's huddled masses

DEAR KALI---

It's not my husband's fault – he's nice enough. In fact he's rather a merry old soul. Nor is it due to his irksome habit of calling out every 5 minutes going – "Pipe, please!" and all that smelly 2nd hand smoke. It's not even those damn 3 fiddlers he's always hanging around with – I can't blame them for they fill his lonely nights in a way that I never could because I ... am a homosexual! I've hidden the truth for all of these years but now I know in my heart I must tell my secret! What is the proper etiquette to follow in such a situation? Ought a queen be queer?

Yours in royal majesty ~
OLD QUEEN COLE

BY ALL MEANS, COME OUT! CUT THROUGH THE BONDS OF ROYAL PROPRIETY LIKE A TIGER SEVERING THE JUGULAR OF ITS PREY!
BESIDES. MANY A QUEEN IS QUEER!

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Special thanks to Ryn for indispensible editorial first aid & Joan Antonuccio for extra brain power

SEX!

ANCIENT PRACTICE Revealed

by Lucy Jane Bledsoe

Two adorable young things, they couldn't have been more than twenty, sat down at a table near mine in the Hipper Than Thou Cafe. The one with the chartreuse flat top grazed over me with her eyes, as if I were a blank wall. She was that disinterested. The one with the shredded T-shirt smirked, "Shit, I'm glad I wasn't born into the birkenstock, take-back-the-night era."

Had *I* inspired this comment?

Chartreuse flat-top shook her head with pity at, apparently, my whole generation. "Puritans," she spat. "How can they live without sex?"

"Oh, you know," Shredded T-shirt answered, "they do the I-do-you/you-do-me routine biannually."

Uproarious laughter from the young ones.

In the discussion that followed it became clear that these women believed they had invented a number of new ways to get off, unknown to all homo homosapiens who had gone before them.

I tried to keep an open (and voyeuristic) mind, though, and listened carefully to their stories of sexual discovery. Unfortunately, their little sexual tete-a-tete launched them into a discussion of radical politics. In this area, like hot sex, their generation had made astounding breakthroughs.

"Can you believe Alicia kissed that *separatist* at the kiss-in on Thursday?"

"Oh, I believe it! I saw her kiss a woman in a business suit and pumps at the last one."

"Nooo." Chartreuse flat-top *tasted* this dirt.

"Yep. I don't even know what she's doing at the kiss-ins."

"She's *soooo* mainstream."

"Retro, even," Shredded T-shirt added.

"You know, I was talking to Jeff and Rocky the other day. We thought we should sever our focus group from the organization. You know, just be a renegade group of queer radicals."

The idea turned Chartreuse flat-top on so much she squirmed in her chair. I think it was the word "renegade."

Shredded T-shirt rushed to agree. "Just hearing the others talk about all that drivel they read drives me crazy."

The girls began assaulting publications— *Down and Out* (for depressed queers), *Out/Sider* (for alienated queers), *Scream Out* (for frustrated queers), *Out/Back* (for wilderness queers), *Spit it Out* (for timid queers), and *Out/Cry* (for angry queers)—and regaling the one they did read—*Fuck!* That got them going on how, when they really thought about it, even the members of their own focus group, even Jeff and Rocky, didn't quite grasp the full political import of universally-expressed sexuality. They proudly reviewed (*again*) their own sexual versatility, this time mentioning a number of possibilities for the vibrating butt of a power saw.

I couldn't stand it any longer. I set down my triple decaf capuccino, and grabbed one of the girls by the threads left on the collar of her T-shirt and took the other by the crown of her chartreuse flat top, and pulled them to their feet.

"What the fuck!" one screamed.

"Let go of me, you—" the other began.

I dropped them both in the empty chairs at my own table and began. "Let's start with 1960. Girls, ten years before you were thought of, my basketball coach caught me on my knees in the shower room, my best friend Joella straddling my face. My head and shoulders were lost up under her

knee-length skirt, so that just my butt, bare legs, bunched up bobby sox, and saddle shoes were apparent. Naturally, in that position, I didn't see Coach come in. I thought Joella was only coming when I heard her quick intake of breath. But then I heard Coach's voice. She had been in the army and often used military commands. I heard her say, in a shaky, emotion-laden voice, "At ease." By the time I managed to emerge from under Joella's skirt, Coach was already gone.

"Let your imaginations suck on that one. Now skip a few years ahead to 1965. Your het parents were courting while I was immersed in free love. I slept with anything that moved, as you like to say. I soon discovered though, that certain moving things thrilled me more than others: in particular, girls in bubble hairdos, miniskirts, fishnet stockings, and shiny white plastic go-go boots. I'll never forget that civil rights demo where Bobbi Sue and I made it behind a warehouse building on Front Street. I didn't learn until late that evening, when I looked in a mirror, that she'd smeared her frosty white lipstick all over my face and neck. And she'd made such a scene about my mussing her bubble do and tearing her poorboy sweater.

"Let's do 1970. Perhaps the very day you slipped from the womb I did acid with my two best girlfriends at the beach. After spending the early hours debating fine political fractures, we marveled at how you could soak dried apricots in water and come out with something strikingly similar to certain female anatomy. Licking these apricots only whetted our appetites for the real thing. So, we indulged ourselves. Oh, sure, there were lots of families at the beach that day. If my memory serves me, a park cop even watched us for a while, but was too afraid, or fascinated, to approach us. The sand undulated beneath us, the whole beach became our water bed, and the rest ... I forget.

"By 1975, you must have been in preschool, sweethearts, slobbering on graham crackers and pouring cartons of milk down your flat fronts, when I shaved my head (just like yours today) and marched with the rest of the girls for every kind of right you can imag-

ine. Our ideas from back then may seem retro to you now, but you're standing on our backs as I speak.

"As for sex, the Penetration Debates were raging, while we piled our shopping carts high with carrots and cucumbers. Sure, we were all vegetarians, but no one can eat *that* much roughage.

"By 1980, when you were tackling long division, I was sleeping with all four of my roommates at the same time and plotting to overthrow the government. The S/M Debates flared up, but like the Penetration Debates, these were for girls who got off on arguing in magazines. Don't be fooled. More gals were doing what they wanted with their bodies than our literature has ever let on.

"In 1985 I bet you went on your first date. Maybe even with a girl. Maybe your high school had a gay and lesbian club! That's beautiful. By then, I had come to realize that whatever I did with my body—vanilla, chocolate, or strawberry—was my own damn business, so I stopped talking about what I was into and just did it."

I took a deep breath and looked at their attentive, if a little shell-shocked, faces. "So, listen, I didn't mean to blast you or anything, I just wanted you to know. Sex is an ancient practice. I may wear birkenstocks. I may have graying hair. Maybe I was even a separatist once. But we older lesbians have been having sex, blockbuster sex—frequently—since before you explained to us how to do it.

The humbled looks on their faces softened me, so I added, "But hey, I'm open to new ideas. About that power saw. What'd you say you could do with it?" ■

Lucy Jane Bledsoe has never worn birkenstocks nor been a separatist. She considers herself painfully young at 35 and likes to hear how it was for all the dykes that came before her.

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What's Dirty About

by Jenni Olson

Phyllis Christopher, stylist: Marguerite Lutton

BOXING

Friday, March 6th 9:00 a.m. Doing laundry
Supposed to write something dirty about boxing for Roxxie. Thought she was just flirting w/me but she says she wants 500 words by mid-April. Perhaps a fisting in the ring scenario in the style of some embarrassing lesbian erotica? Perhaps not. What's dirty about boxing?

Tuesday, March 17 near 6 p.m. Strange people in this airport wearing green - it's St. Patrick's Day. I'm off to London; what's dirty about boxing? Talked to Roxxie on the phone the other day. She's rather enthusiastic about this boxing thing. Now she wants it to be a big feature. Trying to inspire me (or flirting w/me) she told me to write about "strapping on those gloves." Uninspired, I asked for more suggestions. She referred me to several articles in Girl Jock back-issues I haven't read or don't remember. After more failed encouragements she finally asks, "What do you like about boxing." I ponder. I explain that I feel inarticulate, but that it has something to do w/butchness. Roxxie has never seen a written word from me and I'm not inspiring any confidence as I can barely answer this most basic question. (Do I really want to do this? Can I actually write something about boxing?) I think I'm having performance anxiety.

Thursday, March 19 Cold rainy afternoon at First Out (gay cafe in London) and I'm not thinking about boxing; I'm thinking about girls. I'm thinking about the opening of the London Lesbian and Gay Film Festival tomorrow night. Running through Roxxie's list of suggestions and forcing myself to write something. Of her many suggestions only one has appealed to me—to write this as a series of diary entries. Rejected suggestions include interviewing myself; reviewing my boxing experience as if it were a film; giving a detailed description of the acoutrements and activity itself; describing my feelings as I prepare to box; presenting a theoretical discussion about film and sports. What's dirty about boxing?

Thursday, March 19 1:00 a.m. Went to see Cape Fear w/ Susie [Bright] tonight. Interesting but disappointing. Realizing how reluctant I am to go to straight movies anymore. When I watch straight films I tend to insist on the homosexuality of the characters. I ignore information that doesn't contribute to this reading. I fabricate alternate genders for characters when necessary; embellish friendships between people of the same sex; and interpret any excess of masculinity or femininity as butch/femme subtext.

Trying to put my finger on this boxing thing – my masculinity, my ambivalence about my masculinity. Growing up feeling uncomfortable w/ my butchness simply because it made other people uncomfortable. Fuck that. Now, comfortable and feeling the pleasure of my masculinity, the enjoyment of being "all that you can be" (isn't the Army–the military–just one huge construct of masculine myth and iconography?). Being all that I can be means that I can be a boxer or a policeman or a daddy or a boy scout - just like I wanted to when I was six years old. You just need the outfit and the feeling behind it. The feeling behind it–these identities inspire a maleness in me that's not just plain old butchness. When I box I forget the difference between being a girl doing something that men do, and just being my own unique kind of man (I'm a different kind of man than my father was, I'm a different kind of man than my twin brother is, and I have a different kind of dick in my jeans). "Reclaiming" the superficial elements of these identities I am also aware of the tangible meanings I associate with them: misogyny in particular. But, when I recreate myself in my father's image, I am what I wanted him to be–and I'm the man of my dreams.

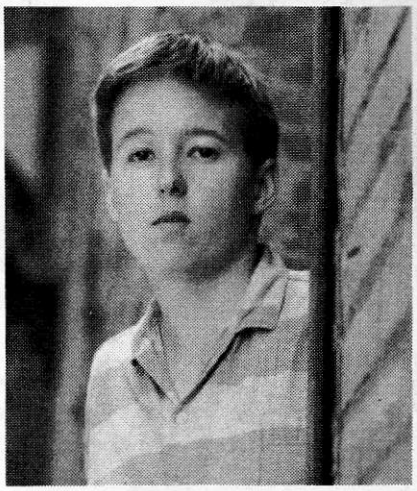
Friday, March 20 3:45 a.m. just home from Heaven (largest gay club in Europe–good music, too many boys, not enough girls, got highest score on "Bride of Pinbot"). Opening night of film festival tonight–*Without You I'm Nothing,* and Susie interviewed Sandra Bernhard onstage at the National Film Theatre and was fucking brilliant. Dinner party afterwards w/ Susie, Sandra, director John Boskovitch, Teresa Russell and Nicholas Roeg. Spent most of the evening talking to Nick Roeg about boxing and gay film. He was particularly pleased when I told him that I had liked *Performance;* and went through about 5 martinis in the next two hours. At some point, *Guardian* film critic Derek Malcolm sat down and introduced himself as though I should know who he was. As I started to introduce myself, Mr. Roeg gestured to me, and said, "he's a boxer; we're going to go a few rounds later." We got on the subject of gay film and Mr. Roeg mentioned that he thought Levi's 501s commercials were very gay. So I described my spoof of the "What do you do in your 501s?" Levi's commercial ("I fuck girls. The button-fly makes a great dildo harness."). Mr. Roeg was extremely amused; Mr. Malcolm looked slightly uncomfortable and left. Mr. Roeg seemed particularly happy that I had offended Mr. Malcolm. As he got drunker, he seemed really set on the idea that I was a boy. At the end of the night he faked a swing at me. When I said,"You wouldn't hit a girl with glasses?" he looked at me quizzically, "a girl?"
Teresa Russell is totally hot.

April 19 10:30 a.m. doing laundry and have to give Roxxie my boxing story tonight (not exactly what she had in mind, I think). Since I am not a jock and never have been, I don't have that frame of reference to use–can't compare it to kayaking or golf or water-skiing or any of the other athletic activities I've never done. I can't say that I'm a boxer, rather, I am learning to box. What can I say about the actual boxing part? Putting on gloves and punching and jumping around and sweating feels great. What's it like? It's like hitting things–a heavy bag and a speed bag specifically (no people, yet). I love doing it, love the way it feels.

April 19 5:30 p.m. typing this at work. Edwin and Mark stop in to say hello and ask why I'm working on Easter Sunday. We talk about *Raging Bull, Rocky* and *On the Waterfront* (Marlon Brando was such a stud). Edwin (a writer) suggests that I use the word "pugilism" if I feel that I've used the word "boxing" too many times. They start asking me questions about boxing. Do I find it erotic? Can I imagine a scene involving boxing? I can't imagine a scene; but of course it's erotic. Have to admit that I'm less interested in the mechanics of boxing than I am in the aura that surrounds it. It has to be the most macho sport in the world. What could be more macho than two big sweaty men beating the fuck out of each other? And, working out at the gym–what could be more homoerotic than a roomful of sweating, muscular, hot and sexy black, white, Asian and Latino men? I guess that's what's dirty about boxing.

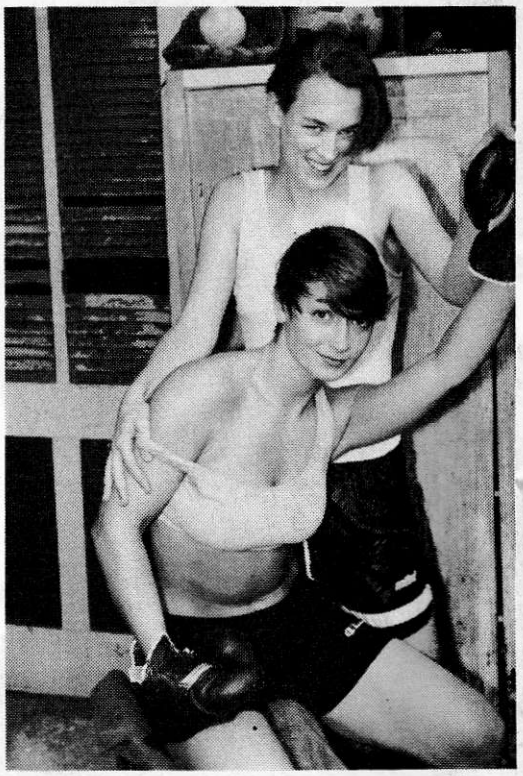
April 19 3:48 a.m. can't sleep
and reading Diane Di Prima
How do you write poetry?
Put words
on different lines
make them not rhyme.

Not bad. Wish I could sleep. ■



Melissa Rasmussen

Jenni Olson is this year's Guest Curator for the San Francisco International Lesbian and Gay Film Festival.



Phyllis Christopher, stylist: Marguerite Lutton

The Sauna

by Carol A. Queen

I caught her scent before I saw her. As soon as I stepped into the sauna I smelled the musk of her body rising into the hot air. When I drew my first long breath the cedar scent of the sauna mingled with her sweat and her sex to fill my lungs.

I spread my towel and lay down where I could look at her out of the corner of my eye. I'd never seen her at the gym before; never smelled anything like her either. She was long and muscled and looked powerful, lying motionless, one leg drawn up. Her eyes were closed, so I could look at her without being seen. While I took her in with my eyes and my breath I began to imagine my hands slipping across the sheen of sweat on her skin, imagined the salt of it on my tongue. I wanted to lie with my nose in the pit of her arm and drink her in. I wanted to lean across her and bury my nose between her thighs, right where the cleft of cunt and crack of ass come together, and root for her perfume like a pig for truffles.

The sear of hot cedared air, the scent of sex. A glisten of sweat began to form on *my* body; I began to smell my own paler scents. I wanted to run my hands across my breasts, my belly, between my cunt lips, freeing the moist smells there to compete with hers. In my mind I was having her, intoxicated and wild.

I was far too hot in every way to stay long in the sauna. Dizzily I sat up. As I felt my way out to the cool air I stole one last look behind me. She was looking at me with full-open, expressionless eyes.

In the shower I cranked the faucet, needing the rush of water to begin to bring my temperature down. I leaned on the cold pink tile, fighting the impulse to spring back from the chill, until the tile began to warm to my skin. The water licked like a cool tongue down my back, between my asscheeks; I spread wider to it and writhed, thinking of the woman in the sauna. A little moan escaped me, hidden from the hearing of others in the showers by the noise of the water. I wouldn't have cared if anyone *had* heard. I was far too hot to be cooled down by just the cool shower spray, and I wasn't thinking about propriety. If the bus isn't crowded, I was thinking, I can start masturbating before I get home, coat over my lap, fingers slipping surreptitiously down into my unbuttoned jeans. I know I'll be at it all afternoon.

The shower curtain was yanked open so fast that I didn't realize my privacy was gone until I saw the heads of the other women in the locker room turn to look at me. A woman I didn't know had me by the arm and I had no time to shut the water off or even to protest—she was pulling me back towards the sauna!

I'd heard the Berkeley gym was a good place to meet hot women, but I'd never imagined anything like *this*. She pulled the sauna door open, propelled me inside with a shove. "Here," she said, "I think you ought to get to know my friend." The door closed on me with a slam.

The woman and I were alone in the sauna and her musk scented the air even more strongly than before. This must be how animals in heat respond to each other, I thought—I could think of nothing but having her. Could it be that she had sent her friend out to bring me back? I was terrified.

"Don't worry." the woman said, looking at me now. "She'll watch the door. We'll be alone."

"That's not what I'm afraid of," I said, but she didn't wait for me to say anything more.

"Girl," she said, a command. "Get over here." Ordered to do exactly what I desired! An even stronger rush of feeling as I obeyed.

When I was near enough she reached for me. I was off my balance for an instant, afraid I might fall but knowing she had me. I got my equilibrium back kneeling on the cedar bench below the one she lay on, lost it again the instant our mouths came together in a long, hot soul kiss, my hand finally sliding across the sweat-slippery skin. I could feel my pulse in every near and far part of my body. She had me by the hair and did not let me up for a long time; when she did I saw that she had squeezed rivulets of water from my still-wet hair and they had pooled between her breasts and in the hollow of her throat. I bent down to lap up the water, finally taste the salt of her skin.

"You were watching me before, weren't you?" When I didn't answer instantly she gave my hair a sharp tug, pulling my face into her armpit where it had wanted to be all along. Such a tough thing. I drew in a deep, flavored breath, answered, "Yes, I was watching you; I couldn't help it, I was drunk on your smells."

I couldn't see her face but I heard the change in her voice. "You want me

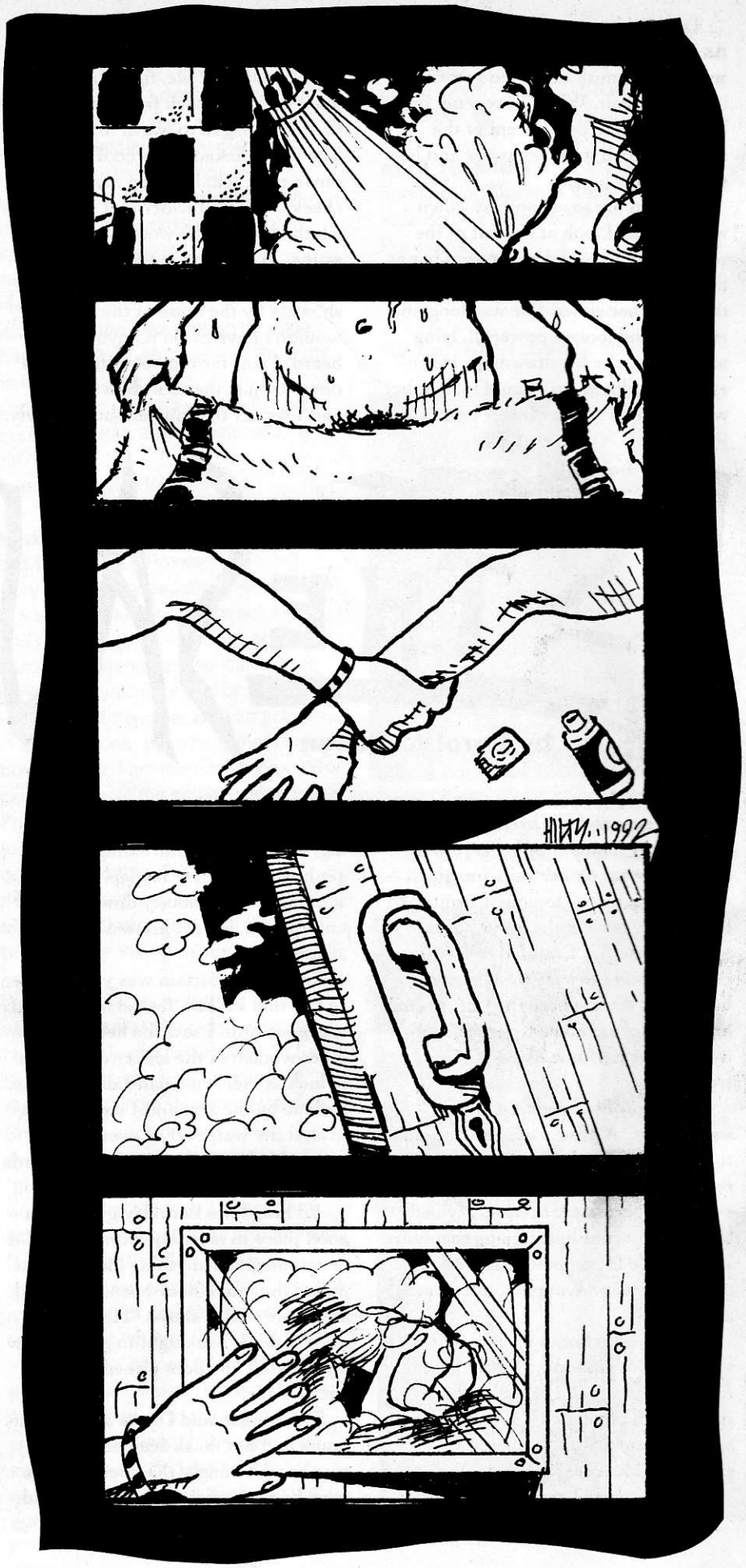
then?" She loosened her grip on my hair and I raised up from where I was nuzzling and sniffing to look into her eyes, glinting with desire at least as hot and pulsing as mine. Mesmerized, I could say only "Ohhhhh..." before falling into another kiss.

A wild kiss, and I bit and sucked at her full lips; she held my face too securely for me to pull away, and my cunt ached for her to push into me the way her tongue was parting my lips. I moaned into her. I wanted her to know she had me, that all my fear was gone, that there in the sex-and-cedar-scented sauna I would do what she said, be who she wanted.

She let me up. I bit her lip one last time. I began to lick the sweat off her torso. She moved into me when I began licking her breasts, her body telling me to bite, to suck; I began to tongue her belly and her breath escaped her in a long sigh. "Girl," she said, in a wholly different, voluptuous voice, "ohhh, girl." I moved over her then, straddling her, my face in her cunt and hers in mine, and I could feel her inhale me as I began, nose resting on her clit, to drink in the heady odors, wanting for a moment nothing but that. Her arms circled my back lightly. I could feel the power in them, wanted her to squeeze, pull me down onto her mouth, ease that ache.

But she was going to make me wait. Instead I started to move my head from side to side, brushing my lips against the soft, tight kinks of her pubic hair, hot from the heat of the sauna. With each move of my head my nose tweaked her clit; she moaned and moved into me. I thought she was lost to the rhythm until I edged my body further down hers, ready to plunge my tongue into her cunt's recesses and found myself unable to do it, for she had hold of my hair again, wouldn't let my tongue down to its target, the wet folds of vulva, the musky nectar I could smell but not taste.

I squirmed against her, but her hold was too firm to break. "Wait, honey," she said. "You're going to have to wait." I could get no closer than her clit. But I could lap her scent if not her taste, and I closed my teeth around the swollen pearl, flicking my tongue



against its hardness until I knew I had her rhythm again. Finally her fingertips began licking up and down the length of my vulva and it was all I could do as my orgasm reached its flashpoint to concentrate on hers; I rode her like a pony 'til it was done, her cries and sighs abating, marveling that she had not for an instant let go of my hair, let my face come one bit closer to her cunt.

She pulled harder, in fact, as her fingers moved faster, arching me back, seeming as sure of when to let go and let my body take its own natural arc of orgasm as if she'd fucked me many times before. I clutched her for stability, riding wave upon wave, calling out in the secret language of climax, gasping for breath in the dry, super-heated air.

I made another move for her cunt and she had me by the hair again, quick as a flash. "What a pushy thing you are," she said, "so hungry for it you can't wait, can you?" I shook my head against her tug on my hair.

"Well, you're gonna have to. You're coming home with me, girl. We're gonna take our time." She pulled me up to my knees, let go my hair, sat up herself so her arms circled me from behind. "We're not done, honey; we've hardly started."

She led me out of the sauna, past her grinning friend. Captured, and even outside I could smell nothing but hot cedar and her scent on the air. ■

©1988, Carol Queen

Carol A. Queen is a San Francisco writer and sex educator whose work has also appeared in *Taste of Latex*, *Frighten the Horses*, *On Our Backs* and other publications. She is anthologized in *Bi Any Other Name: Bisexual People Speak Out* (ed. Hutchins and Kaahumanu), *Herotica* (ed. Bright and Blank), and *Honoring the Erotic Impulse* (ed. Steinberg). She used to lift weights but quit because she got tired of hanging around in the sauna, waiting for something to happen.

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THE PATTY DUKE SHOW

by David Trinidad

1. Patty cheats on a computerized intelligence test and is pronounced a genius.

2. Ross blackmails Patty and Cathy by tape recording their conversation at a slumber party.

3. Patty is cast as Cleopatra in the school play, but gets stage fright on opening night.

4. Patty writes a novel entitled I Was A Teenage Teenager.

5. Cathy wears Patty's expensive new dress to a piano concert and accidentally spills punch on it.

6. Patty and Cathy run against each other for class president.

7. Frankie Avalon's car breaks down in front of the Lane house.

8. Patty raffles a date with Richard for the church bazaar, then gets jealous and tries to buy all the tickets back.

9. Patty's tonsils are taken out by a dreamboat doctor (played by Troy Donahue).

10. Patty pretends to be Cathy and flirts with Richard to see if he'll be faithful to her.

For the Pomo Afro Homos and Their Fierce Love or: A Lesbian Feminist Considers Faggot Performance Art

by Lisa Kahaleole Chang Hall

Boys and boys and
girls and girls and girls and
boys and boys and girls
come out
come
out
to play
sleek flesh hot sweat
scene

I'm a girl
who has always loved women
am pondering the joys of faggitude
erotic radar off center
I spin
through the club when
the cute butches are
actually
femme boys
true North is difficult to determine

Bemused by
the explosive evocation
of dick
you he
heads thrown back
stroking it yearning

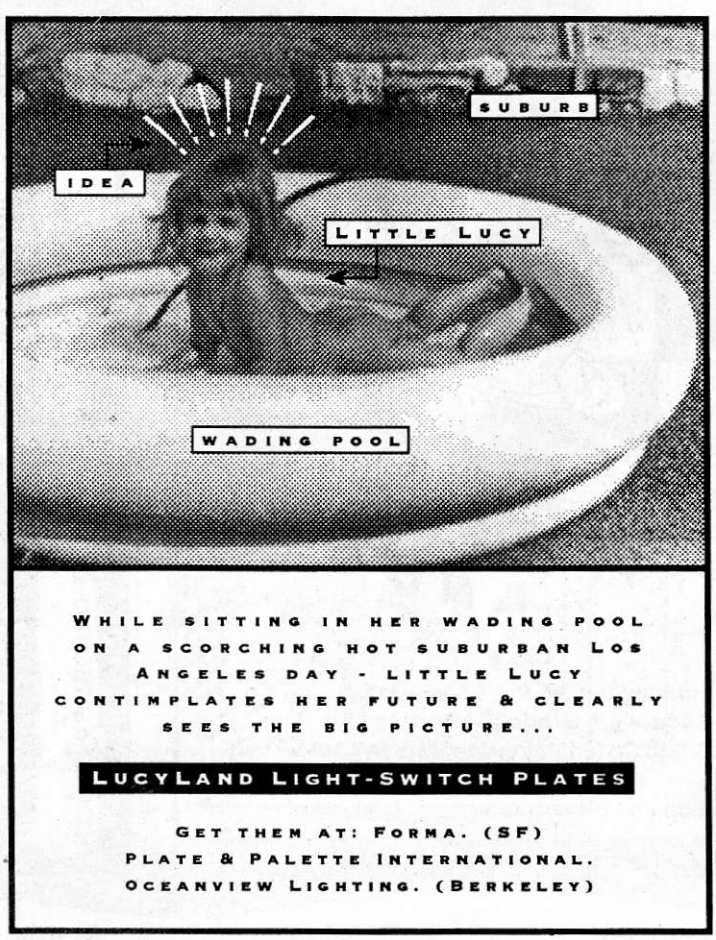
I never
understood you my
cousins my brothers
finally saw
you
alone on stage
fully dressed so very
naked
phantasmal back-rooms hovering
in a heavy musky haze

Hot and bothered I
twisted my legs to
ease the ache
felt the cock
I never had
live jumping hot
against my fingertips

We are unspoken revelation to
each other shattering all
our fucking secrets all
our secret fucking

David Trinidad is the author of the following books: *Pavane, Monday, Monday, Living Doll, November, Three Stories, A Taste of Honey*(with Bob Flanagan), *Hand over Heart*, and more.

Lisa Kahaleole Chang Hall is a writer, organizer, grad student and part-time diva.


SUBURB
IDEA
LITTLE LUCY
WADING POOL
WHILE SITTING IN HER WADING POOL ON A SCORCHING HOT SUBURBAN LOS ANGELES DAY - LITTLE LUCY CONTIMPLATES HER FUTURE & CLEARLY SEES THE BIG PICTURE...
LUCYLAND LIGHT-SWITCH PLATES
GET THEM AT: FORMA. (SF)
PLATE & PALETTE INTERNATIONAL.
OCEANVIEW LIGHTING. (BERKELEY)

HELLO DARLINGS! It's Hedda-Louella & on today's GossipHour... two of my dearest friends offer warm, sincere tips on
Putting THAT NERVOUS Guest at Ease!
"I asked her if she had any idea how simple it really was to get BLOODSTAINS out...?"
"Seriously, can you believe there was an area here, easily several square yards... also stem soaked with blood last week?! I covered it up (thus keeping it damp), then applied an ordinary household detergent solution, and there one would never guess!"
"After I shared that she stopped staring at her feet..."
Well Hedda, a lot of the people I meet through my work are mad, to whom I suppose I come across as materna, 'cause sooner or later they'll be complaining to me about how their wives, girlfriends, or women in general are mistreating them. I figure, maybe they are just putting the gentler sex too much on a pedestal... So, when I do have a chance to pretty socialize with a lovely butch woman, I make sure she feels secure...
Furthermore good ideas we have with us Miss Diagree stay!
15¢
This comic has been another experiment in minimally messed-with Truth from Ms. Angela Caroline Bocage on vacation in the steamy South. 4/10/89.*
For more, more, more, write P.O. Box 460656 San Francisco CA 94146
©1989 ANGELA BOCAGE. Hedda-Louella appears in WIMMEN'S COMIX
*it's actually freezing & miserable!

How to make a mini comic

1. cut on dotted line **2. fold top half back** **3. fold in half, again** **4. staple edge here** **5. trim the top and bottom**

I could tell that some whole-some, down-to-earth conversation was called for then! And so many of the apartments in this town seem to have carpeting—usually rather hideous—anyway...
...So, I regale them with anecdotes about my old school days, from the upper-class kitsch dishes to the corn-fed Midwestern soap-bubbles, and ALL the different exotic strains of V.D. we've picked men for many years, of course... Tirelessly it seemed... 'cause, we're all just human, y'know?
Our first Gossip Hour guest, with a valuable insight into issues of etiquette, is horticulturalist Millie Murky...
Well, Hedda... for me, sharing HOUSEHOLD HINTS proved to be a reliable way to calm a nervous type... quite recently, in fact, a guest of mine, unused to smoking weed, had gotten herself so wasted on my exquisite sinsemilla that she was terrified of driving home, and had begun to harbor odd notions about her feet.
And should anxiety remain, why, I'll show her a femme can be a buddy; perhaps through enjoyment of a shared interest or two— go. I'll offer to dress 'em up in my lacy teddies & do their make-up!
Oh, that reminds me, Hedda— your botanist friend still has my ivory cotton-lamie camisole. Do you suppose you could get that back for me? I would, but, ah... I just don't get over there much...

FUCK THE
WELL-O'-LONELINESS
WE'RE HERE
TO HAVE FUN

Transitions from Newsweek

"If you die famous, or marry someone famous, or are born to famous parents, you might end up in the 'Transition' column in Newsweek."

Mel Gibson died today after his third bout of PCP

Sylvester Stallone succumbed to pancreatitis due to the experimental drug DDI

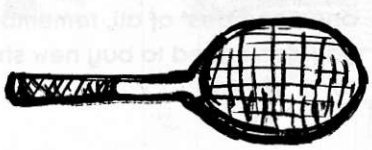
Work on Eddie Murphy's newest film came to a halt when it was discovered amoebas were eating his corneas

Arnold Schwartznegger's struggle with wasting syndrome has left the Republican at 80 pounds despite his $500 a day nourishment treatment

Tom Cruise has been unable to eat solid food for four months because of a pesky candida of the throat

Larry Bird's neuropathy has ended every sport lover's delight at seeing such a tall white man run around in little shorts

Tom Selleck's toxoplasmosis and lymphoma have the insurance on his new film with Goldie Hawn unlikely, although Ms. Hawn in a rare interview said that after seeing Kurt Russell tied to the bed in a diaper she can handle anything.



Matthew Modine's short struggle against progressive multifocal leukoencephalopathy ended today. Fortunately he was blind and demented and did not know he wouldn't live to skip rope in a jock strap in Vision Quest 11, which now goes to Matt Dillon if the CD4 trial keeps him fit

Mr. Rogers has killed himself after severe frustration at being unable to figure out what plastic discs had to do with the slit holes on his cardigan sweater

Pee Wee Herman died today of toxic shock after flying to China on his special bike to try the cucumber. Before leaving the Playhouse he told the kids his AZT would keep him safe until the cure. **CURE!** shouted the flowers and Globie the talking globe. **CURE!** shouted Chairie the chair, who would miss Pee Wee's little butt. **CURE!** Shouted Jombie the genie, whose dementia had made him lose touch with his powers. **CURE!** shouted Mrs. Renee, who was tired of having no gay male friends and never even got out of her quilted house coat any more. **CURE!** Shouted the King of Cartoons and absolutely everyone but Cowboy Curtis, dead of massive internal KS. **CURE!** Was the secret word that day

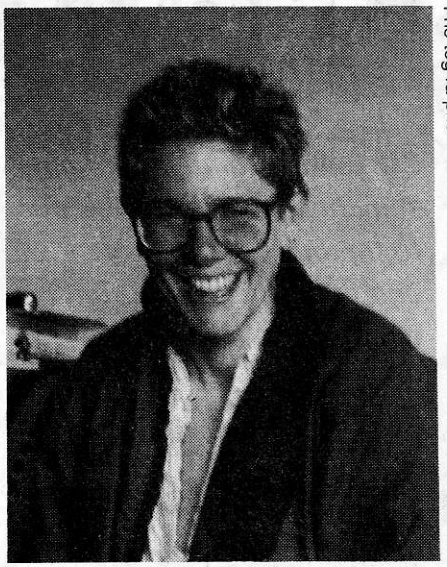
Walta Borawski

23-24 May 1990

Walta Borawski's poem, "Transitions from Newsweek," is reprinted from *The Boston PWA News*. Once he wrote a letter to May Sarton who wrote him back thinking that he was a woman. Walta does not consider himself a bio queen.

Is Writing a Sport? by Laz-Y-Girl

"It's the only sport you can train for," I explained to Roxxie, "by staying up late and smoking cigarettes."



Pho-tog-ra-pher

Is writing a sport? Are female writers girljocks? (NOTE: for purposes of emotional and political clarity, this writer distinguishes between "macho" and "jock." Thus Hemingway isn't a jock just because he writes about bull-fights; Blanche Boyd isn't a sportsman just because she wants to outbutch Norman Mailer.)

Let's look at a checklist for writers and jocks. A "yes" answer indicates that the activity in question is a genuine sport:

•Is there a significant injury potential? Yes. And I'm not talking about writer's cramp. Try Repetitive Stress Syndrome, for starters. I wound up with my wrists in plaster splints for six weeks from pounding away at a Macintosh keyboard.

•Is the level of competition truly crazed? Are you kidding? Have you ever heard one writer say anything nice about another? In comparison, most pro athletes knock themselves out trying to be gracious.

•Are there activity-specific bonding rituals incomprehensible to outsiders? The Algonquin Round Table, maybe. But in general, we're weak here: writers are an antisocial bunch.

•Do you get better at it over time? Always. (Except for men. It must be hormonal.) Think of MFK Fisher, or Jessica Mitford, or Gwendolyn Brooks, or ... how many seventy-year old competition runners have you heard of?

•Can participants aspire to product endorsement? Yes, though writers generally get alcohol ads instead of hydraulic-lift shoes. See next question.

•Are participants role models for America's youth? Yes, and the particular strength of writers is that when we become drug-addicted (which we do, as frequently as athletes) and recover (which we do, as frequently as athletes) we almost never tell kids we turned our lives around by finding C h r i s t.

•Do girls swoon at your feet when you perform particularly well? I've never been so much as pecked on the cheek for the way I caught a ball. I broke up someone else's home, ran away with a beautiful woman, and had a year-long torrid affair on the basis of a single poem.

So there it is. Writing, the perfect sport. Train hard (drink lots of coffee, sharpen your pencils, and get moody); play hard (don't forget pacing the floor on dead-line, an aerobic activity if there ever was one); and best of all, remember—you don't need to buy new shoes for it. ■

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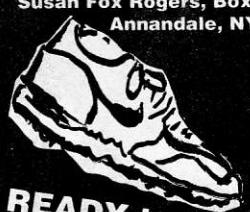

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THE CUNNILYMPICS

WHAT SPORTS MEANS TO ME AN' HOW I WON MY GOLD MEDAL

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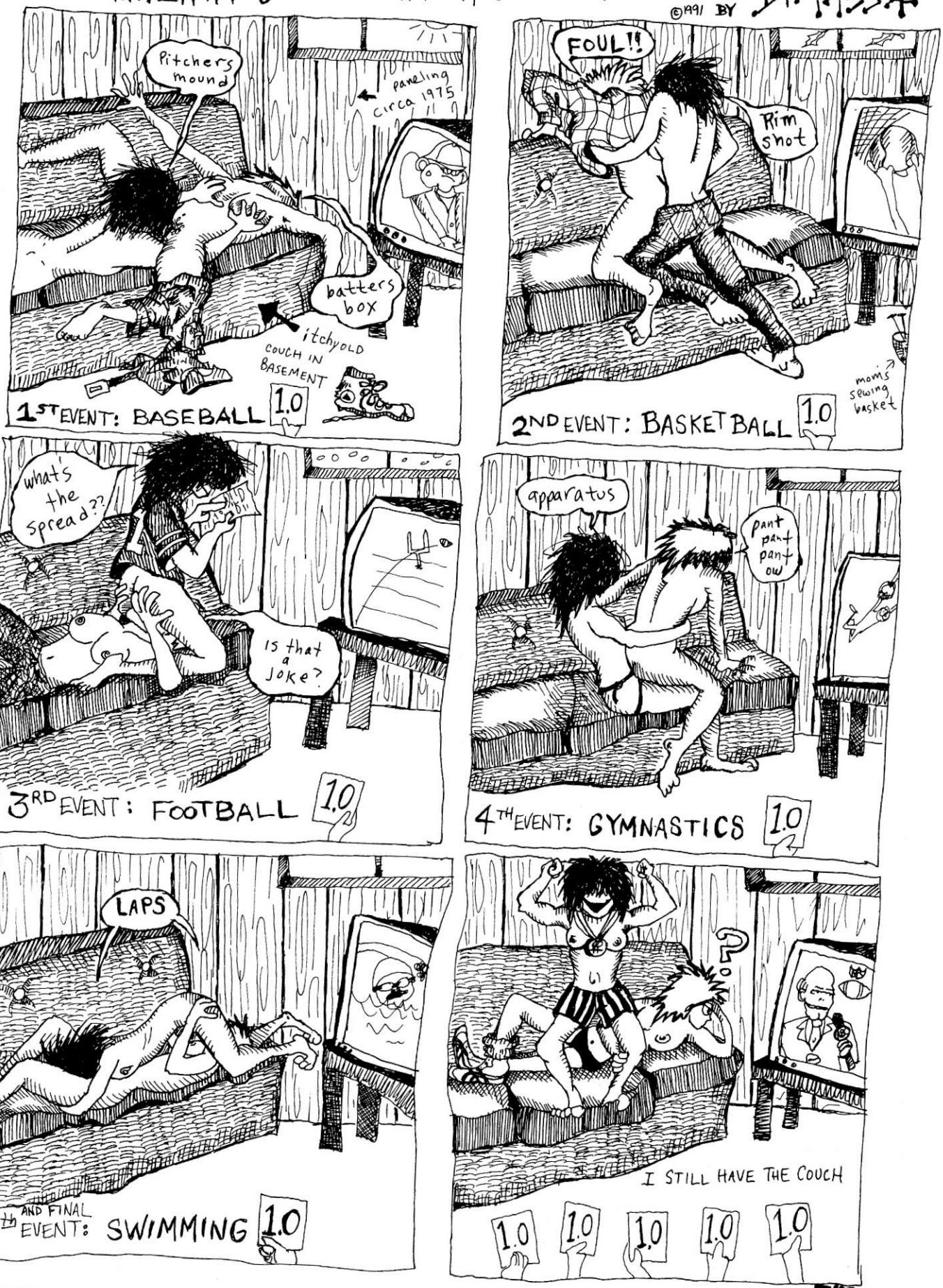

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